

The BROAD AX

HEW TO THE LINE; LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY

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Echoes and Reflections on the Death of Booker T. Washington; In the Language of the Immortal Thomas Paine, the "World Was His Country and to Do Good Was His Religion," Therefore the People Residing in All Parts of the Universe Should, Regardless of Their Nationality, Assist to Erect a Universal Monument to His Memory

SEVERAL LETTERS ARE REPRODUCED IN THESE COLUMNS FROM THE LATE WIZARD OF TUSKEGEE TO JULIUS F. TAYLOR ONE DATED IN MAY 1896 THE OTHER IN 1907 IN WHICH HE PRAISED THE ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION OF THE BROAD AX. THE THIRD AND LAST LETTER WAS RECEIVED FROM HIM OCTOBER 27, 1915 REQUESTING ITS EDITOR TO COMMENT ON HIS LAST ANNUAL REPORT TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THAT INSTITUTION.

SUNDAY JANUARY 21, 1900 THE WRITER WAS MISTAKEN FOR A "PRIZE FIGHTER" BY AN ELEVATOR CONDUCTOR IN THE PALMER HOUSE ON HIS WAY UP IN IT TO HIS ROOM AS HE HAD BEEN INVITED TO LUNCH EXCLUSIVELY WITH MR. WASHINGTON. THAT SAME SUNDAY AFTERNOON HE ACCOMPANIED HIM TO QUINN CHAPEL WHERE HE LECTURED BEFORE THE MEN'S SUNDAY CLUB.

HIS MEMORABLE SPEECH DELIVERED SEPTEMBER 18, 1895 AT THE ATLANTA GEORGIA EXPOSITION PUBLISHED IN FULL IN THESE COLUMNS ALSO A SHORT LETTER TO HIM FROM THE LATE PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND, HIGHLY COMMENDING HIM ON ITS DELIVERY SHORTLY AFTER THAT DATE PRESIDENT CLEVELAND VISITED THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION SPENDING ONE HOUR IN THE NEGRO BUILDING.

FREELY MINGLING WITH THE COLORED PEOPLE PLEASANTLY STOPPING TO SHAKE HANDS WITH SOME OLD COLORED "AUNTIE" WHO WAS PARTIALLY CLAD IN RAGS AND WRITING HIS NAME IN BOOKS AND ON SLIPS OF PAPER FOR THEM.

MR. WASHINGTON STATES; IN HIS BOOK "UP FROM SLAVERY," WHICH SHOULD NOT ONLY BE READ BY EVERY COLORED BOY AND GIRL THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AS WELL AS BY WHITE BOYS AND GIRLS; THAT MR. CLEVELAND WAS ONE OF THE FEW GREAT AMERICANS WHO WAS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF RACE PREJUDICE.

HIS LAST ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, WOOLSEY HALL, YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, CONN., MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 25, 1915, PUBLISHED IN FULL IN CONNECTION WITH THIS ARTICLE.

Booker T. Washington, like a great intellectual giant who for many years towered far above the great rows of able and brilliant men in all walks of life who have left their valiant deeds and beneficial impressions on the pages of the history of their country and the world at large since his advent into it, that it is extremely difficult for one of lowly origin like the writer to do justice to his memory and undying fame, it is true that for the past 35 years he has by his simple daily life and his constant struggle to better the condition of his fellow men in all parts of this country and in the old world as well, greatly assisting to scatter sunshine and beautiful flowers in their pathway, that unconsciously he has erected a monument to his memory not constructed by the hands of men and being firmly anchored on a solid foundation it will stand unseen in the hearts of the sons and daughters of humanity for the next thousand years to come.

Aside from the fact that his life work along industrial educational lines has enabled him to erect this monument without hands, the people residing in all parts of the universe regardless of their nationality should assist to build a visible monument to his memory as an evidence of their lasting or outward appreciation of his earnest efforts or work in their behalf for in the language of the immortal Thomas Paine the "world was his country and to do good was his religion."

It was our pleasure to come in contact with Booker T. Washington the first time in 1893, during the World's Fair at the time we met him he was in company with the late lamented Paul Laurence Dunbar and with Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper, of Phila., Pa., who was one of the best and brightest writers that the Colored race has so far produced, at that time he had not gotten fairly started out in his life's work and the great task and the tre-

mendous responsibilities which later was to fall or rest on his broad shoulders he as well as his school at Tuskegee, Alabama were both practically unknown to the world at that time, but since those days and years have rolled on into eternity he and his great school have become well known throughout the entire world.

It may not be out of place at this point and time to reproduce several of the many letters which the writer has received from him from time to time it will be noted that the first letter was received at Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1896, and the second letter published for the first time was received the first part of 1907, in which he loudly praised the Eleventh anniversary edition of The Broad Ax, the third and last letter received from him October 27, 1915, requesting us to comment on his last annual report to the Board of Trustees of that famous institution.

The letters here speaking for themselves:

Tuskegee, Ala., May 12, 1896.

Mr. Julius F. Taylor, Editor of The Broad Ax, Salt Lake City, Utah.

My Dear Sir:—

I have your kind letter of May 4th and have to thank you for your generous expression. I am sorry that an unusual press of work at this time prevents my giving a more lengthy reply to your letter and complying with your request to send a communication for publication in your paper. For the reason of this lack of time I shall have to ask you to accept some printed matter which I send you in today's mail. I also send you a copy of the address delivered at Atlanta. From these I hope you will be able to glean such information as you desire. I remember meeting you in Chicago in 1893.

Yours truly,
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, January 10, 1907.

Personal

Mr. J. F. Taylor,
%The Broad Ax, 5040 Armour Ave.,
Chicago.

Dear Sir:—

Although you have not agreed with me at all times in the past, and I do not know that you will agree with me in the future, nevertheless this disagreement does not prevent my sending you my most hearty congratulations upon your ability to get out so good a paper as your issue of December 29 is. It reflects credit not only upon yourself but upon the race. Such tangible demonstrations of our ability to succeed in given directions will prove our salvation.

Yours truly,
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, October 27, 1915.

Mr. Julius F. Taylor,
Editor, The Broad Ax,
Chicago, Illinois.

My Dear Sir:—

I am enclosing herewith my annual report as in other years. I very much hope that you may find some of the matters mentioned in the report worthy of comment at your hands. No part of this report has been published.

Yours very truly,
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,
Principal.

If any one will take the trouble to re-read The Broad Ax of Saturday, October 30, 1915, they will find a two column comment on its front page devoted to his last annual report and the names and the addresses of the Board of Trustees of Tuskegee Institute.

Early on Sunday morning January 21, 1900, the writer received a telegram to meet him at the Palmer House at one o'clock that same Sunday and after arriving there promptly on time and on stepping into one of its elevators and informing its conductor in relation to the number of the room that we wanted to reach he eyed us very carefully from head to foot then he said "excuse me mister but I would like to know if you are a prize fighter?" very politely we informed him that we did not follow prize fighting for a living and that we did not know that Mr. Washington associated with prize fighters, after greeting Mr. Washington we informed him of the incident and he enjoyed a hearty laugh at our expense, although he wanted to report it to the office and have the White elevator conductor reprimanded for his freshness but we requested him not to do so for the elevator conductor was laboring under the impression that Peter Jackson the noted prize fighter was at that very moment riding in his car; after enjoying our luncheon with him we accompanied him to Quinn Chapel where he lectured before the Men's Sunday Club.

His memorable oration delivered September 18, 1895, at the Atlanta Georgia Exposition is herewith published in full, also a short letter from the late President Grover Cleveland, highly praising him on its delivery shortly after that date President Cleveland visited the Atlanta Exposition spending one hour in the Negro building; freely mingling with the Colored people pleasantly stopping to shake hands with some old Colored "Auntie" who was partially clad in rags, and writing his name in books and on slips of paper for them.

Speech delivered at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition, September 18, 1895:



THE LATE PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND.

Time has amply proven; that he was one of the wisest and greatest of Statesmen who was absolutely free from race prejudice. He was a warm friend of the Colored race. He presided at a great meeting held in the interest of Tuskegee Institute, in New York City in 1907 at which time more than \$700,000, was raised and turned over to its founder and principal, Booker T. Washington.

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Board of Directors and Citizens:

One-third of the population of the South is of the Negro race. No enterprise seeking the material, civil or moral welfare of this section can disregard this element of our population and reach the highest success. I but convey to you, Mr. President and Directors, the sentiment of the masses of my race, when I say that in no way have the value and manhood of the American Negro been more fittingly and generously recognized, than by the managers of this magnificent exposition at every stage of its progress. It is a recognition which will do more to cement the friendship of the two races than any occurrence since the dawn of our freedom.

Not only this, but the opportunity here afforded will awaken among us a new era of industrial progress. Ignorant and inexperienced, it is not strange that in the first years of our new life we began at the top instead of the bottom, that a seat in Congress or the state legislature was more sought than real estate or industrial skill, that the political convention, or stump speaking had more attraction than starting a dairy farm or a truck garden.

A ship lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen the signal: "Water, water, we die of thirst." The answer from

the friendly vessel suddenly came back: "Cast down your buckets where you are." A second time the signal: "Water, water; send us water," ran up from the distressed vessel and was answered: "Cast down your buckets where you are," and a third and fourth signal for water was answered: "Cast down your buckets where you are." The captain of the distressed vessel at last, heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh, sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon river. To those of my race who depend on bettering their condition in a foreign land or who underestimate the importance of cultivating friendly relations with the Southern White man who is their next door neighbor, I would say cast down your bucket where you are; cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the people of all races by whom we are surrounded.

Cast it down in agriculture, mechanics, in commerce, domestic service, and in the professions. And in this connection it is well to bear in mind, that whatever other sins the South may be called to bear pure and simple, it is in the South that the Negro is given a man's chance in the commercial world and in nothing is the exposition more eloquent than in emphasizing his chance. Our greatest danger is, that in the great leap from slavery to freedom, we overlooked the fact that the masses of us are to live by the pro-

ductions of our hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common labor and put brains and skill into the common occupation of life; shall prosper in proportion as we learn to draw the line between the superficial and the substantial the ornamental few games of life and the useful. No race can prosper until it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life and not the top that we begin. Nor should we permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities.

To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongue and habits for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted, I would repeat what I say to my own race, "Cast down your bucket where you are." Cast it down among the 8,000,000 Negroes whose habits you know, whose love and fidelity you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among these people who have without strikes and labor wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, built your railroads and cities and brought treasures from the bowels of its earth and helped make possible this magnificent representation of the progress of the South. Casting down your bucket

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